A BRIEFE VNVAILING OF GOD AND MANS GLORY.

In which is,

1 A briefe rehearsall of Happinesse in generall.

2 How this Happinesse is manifested by Iesus Christ.

3 The Soules Song of Love.

By JOHN GREENE.

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THe creatures all of ſeverall kinds, to finde felicity,
Doth joyne both hands and hearts in one, if they may it eſpy:
This golden ball each man would have, and therefore runs a race,
From eaſt to weſt, frō north to ſouth, they ſpare no time nor place,
Some ſcattered ends of it they find, and by it wet deſires,
Which ſoone are loſt or elſe doth fall, below thoſe heavenly fires,
Content, content each man doth cry, but that is it alone
Which dwelleth in eternity, where joyes are all in one,
Where all things lovely have their riſe,
Their fountaine and their ſpring,
Upon this Mountain there doth ſit, the Potent mighty King,
With crowns of glory on his head, with ſtrength on his right hand,
The praiſe alone of beauties faire hath him at all command,
His throne alone (ſurrounded) is with honours higheſt praiſe.
If you will know his name, he is call'd the Ancient of dayes;
Who is the ſtock & root of good, where ſweetneſſe loſeth meaſure,
The height & depth of glories great, makes up his exhauſt treaſure,
Who lived before to give him breath, who gave to him his ſpring,
Shall any force him from his throne, and there ſit down and ſing?
Did any fill his heart with joy? if ſo, ſhew forth his Name,
If not, then look upon his face, that you may ſpred his fame:
If happineſſe you doe purſue, if pleaſure be your aime,
If all things ſweet you mean to meet, and ſo make ſure of gaine,
If worlds of honor you would have, if crowns be your delight,
Or if you love to pleaſe your eye, in any lovely ſight,
If you on ſubſtance love to ſtand, when comes a ſtormy houre,
Or whē the darts of death are thrown, y' would hide you in a tower,
Then flie into his boſome faire, where beauties all doe meet, (greet
And when thou entreſt in that place, with ſmiles they will thee
Each glory ſhewes a pleaſant face, thou canſt them not withſtand;
They will allure and make thee ſure to be at their command,

Such Muſick ſweetnes thou wilt find which will thee force to ſtay,
The voice of praiſes will thee charm, and bid thee come away;
And dwell for ever in this ſight, where myſteries are made known.
Then whatſoever thou underſtand'ſt doth ſure become thine own:
If there thou findeſt Wiſdomes ſeat, and ſearcheſt out her ſpring,
The ſtreames of glory ſhe brings forth, will crowne thee as a king,
Who knoweth what power, what force ſhe hath?
None yet withſtood her arme,
Who ever fled into her bower, and by it purchas'd harme;
How ſafe are all that lye down there, though claps of thunder flie,
And though the clouds with darkneſſe thick, over the world do lie?
If Princes rage and at thee ſwell, they ſpend their breath in vaine.
If ſnares they lay, the moſt they get, is labour for their paine.
Thou ſtand'ſt upon a mighty rock, thy building ſure is high.
Thogh dangers were like armies ſtrong, they cannot thee come nigh
Oh if you would be truly b'eſt, and never know no griefe;
Then dwell amongſt thoſe ſtreames of joyes,
Which each ſaith I am chiefe.
There's roome enough, thy thoughts may play,
Thy game will ſtill thee pleaſe,
All bonds by Law are there cut off, thy work it is thy eaſe,
The heighth, the depth, the length, the breadth, I am alone can find,
He knowes it well, and by this light refreſheth ſtill his mind:
All things in him deſired are, and all maintaine deſires,
Love ſtill doth reſt within his breſt, and kindles holy fires,
Who ever ſaw (and loved him not) the beauties of his face,
And if thoſe beames on them did ſmile,
They cloathed were with grace:
And then like Princes they did ſtand, moſt comely in his ſight,
Their lovely looks doth him perſwade, in them to take delight.
And if in ſuch he takes content, which are but as a land
From whence the crop is cut away, and ſome few yeares doth ſtand,
What reſt, what joy, what high ſolace, hath he in fulneſſe ſtore,
Where treaſures are with ſuch increaſe, he cannot ask for more?

And theſe he ſets before his view, for ever to be ſeene;
In all his dayes there's no decayes, each thing is new and greene:
The life he lives is called love, and doth his fill enjoy,
He walkes along in pathes moſt ſweet, where none can him annoy:
Security it is the rock upon the which he ſtands,
And there in triumph doth he reign, and bindes all others hands;
His crown is this, he knowes his ſtrength, the armies of his power,
Are quickly gathered into one, and ready at an houre;
He knows his enemies where they lie, their ſcowts & all their train,
Their plots do make him melody, by theſe he ſees them ſlain.
He works and none moleſteth him, but forthwith gives him way,
His praiſe his enemies brings to light, in heart tho they ſay nay.
Who would not lie within his breſt, his counſels for to know,
And ſee how powers do there combine, his foes to overthrow:
If there thou ſtay, thou ſure ſhalt ſee the Godhead round him flow,
Each glory with it's ſeverall light, makes up a lovely ſhow:
Theſe excellencies all doe ſay, we will ſtand thee in ſtead,
Himſelfe theſe excellencies are to help him at his need;
Life is the chiefeſt of his ſtrength, love joynes it ſelfe to either,
There truth and holineſſe are met and mingle both together.
Light comprehendeth all the ſumme, and for all maketh way,
That ſo eternity may ſeeme, but as one pleaſant day,
In which his beauties are diſplai'd, by peeces at his pleaſure.
And ſo the Godhead ſhewes it ſelf, quite boundleſs in it's meaſure.
'Tis that which comprehendeth all, to it all's but a ſtory;
And like a Prologue maketh way, that it may ſhew forth glory;
All creatures of it ſpeaketh praiſe and ſings a pleaſant ſong,
We dy and vaniſh quite away that ſo truth may be ſtrong.
Of this all Angels ſpeaketh high, and ownes no other talke,
Their feet are ſtrong to run a race, in this moſt ſpacious walke,
Their names, their natures, all they are, this Myſtery maintaines,
If this were done their life were gone,
Their pleaſures turn'd to paines,
They never ſpeake of any power, but in Iehovahs name,

They are glad to hide them in his tower,
To keepe themſelves from ſhame.
O let none grope in darkneſſe thick, to finde a pleaſant way,
Leſt cloudes put out his glimmering light, and ſo he go aſtray,
The creatures all they are as vailes, through which few men can ſee
Moſt aime to catch their gaudy ſhewes, and miſſe felicity,
But if the myſtery opened were, ſome light there would appeare,
Then reſtleſſe ſhould ſhe he untill we clime a higher ſpheare,
Whereas the fountaine of all bliſſe, eternally doth flow,
And from thoſe ſprings refreſhment runs, to all that thither goe.
What mighty ſea of joy is there? one wave another takes,
Thus we are borne, and tydes of love and ſorrowes us forſakes.
All ſpots and ſtaines are wáſh'd away, full fair are we and bright,
That ſo the King of glories great, in us may take delight.
When we are deck'd with ſuch a dreſſe, as ſutes with him full well,
Then comes he to his Princely ſeat, reſolving there to dwell,
The throne he is on, is heaven cal'd, where he doth rule with might:
This heaven is his beauties faire, each in his fulleſt light.
Another dwelling place hath he, which he his Temple ſtiles,
And there full oft in glory walkes, rejoycing it with ſmiles.
If thou but in his loweſt ſeat his countenance doſt ſee,
Thou ſhalt at length his throne ſurmount,
Where honoured thou ſhalt be;
The firſt and laſt that ever was, or evermore ſhall be,
Will on thee ſet immortall crownes in ſigne of victory,
Where thou ſhalt ſing new ſongs of love, for ever and for aye:
Where time's loſt in eternity that everlaſting day.
And thus the God of gods will ſay, my childe all is thine owne,
Theſe pleaſures ſweet, theſe glories great,
This high and kingly throne:
Here ſit thee down, involve thy ſelfe, with honours higheſt fame,
To make thee equall in delights, I'le clothe thee with my Name.
In fulleſt glory ſpread thy ſelfe, here's roome for thee to lie,
Thy heart, thy thoughts, and all thou art, is in infinity.

The

The more thou look'ſt, the more thou mayeſt
Still love to looke upon,
And looke to love and ever gaze
Upon this King alone.
This is the ſong thou ſtill wilt ſing,
I am hath ſet me free,
And now I walke as ſet at large,
In midſt of liberty.
Sorrowes below me have their ſeat,
Griefes cannot me come nigh,
The dreadfull pangs of death are paſt,
I owne no miſery.
As women joy when after paine,
They ſee their iſſue come,
And through thoſe joyes their paines forget,
As if they nere had none;
So I forget all things that's old,
I wholly them eſchew,
And now addreſſe my ſelfe to joy,
In things moſt faire and new.

Happineſſe conveyed by Ieſus Chriſt.

WHen death came on by *Adams* loſſe,
Our danger might we ſee,
The preſence of true joyes were gone,
Men left in miſery.
Thoſe beames of light which was our ſtrength,
Were vaniſht quite away,
The frame and face of all things then,
Muſt periſh and decay.

Alas

Alas poore man thou art undone,
Who ſhall thy loſſe reſtore,
And quit thee out of ſlaviſh bands,
And cure thee of thy ſore?
Muſt death be ſtill a tyrant ſtrong,
And rule thee at his pleaſure,
Or by his many poyſon'd darts,
Torment thee without meaſure.
Where is thy ſtrength, looke round about,
Will none thee now deliver?
Is there no King with death to meet,
Well furniſht with a quiver?
With many arrowes ſharp and keene,
To ſting death to the heart,
And ſo to make his powers fall,
And eaſe thee of thy ſmart?
If one there be, declare his name,
Let all men know his power,
And ſee the ſtrength of his right arme,
That rais'd downe hath death his tower,
That ſo to him we praiſes may
For ever ſing alowd,
And in his bower finde a place,
Our ſelves in ſtormes to ſhrowd,

WHe is call'd by name the Sonne of God,
God in his rich aray,
With all his fulneſſe ſhining bright,
And coſtly garments gay,
When firſt light ſhined in his breaſt,
This Sonne then did he ſee,
The glory of his lovelineſſe,
He counts his Sonne to be.

By light of this Sonne he generates,
He ſtands ſtill in his ſight,
And by the ſpirit of life and love,
He yeelds to him his right;
Which is to owne him as his joy,
The fountaine of his pleaſure,
Where all his glories are envolv'd,
A Magazin of treaſure,
By him he frameth all his thoughts,
And comes to underſtand
How all deſignes may come to light,
And proſper in his hand.
In him before time did begin,
He ſaw a goodly ſpace,
The length is call'd eternity,
In which he runnes his race,
And in all ages ſhewes himſelfe,
As beſt becomes his Grace;
That ſo the wiſe in myſtery,
At length may know his face;
In him he walk'd by pleaſant thoughts,
Throughout the world ſo wide,
And though no world was to be found,
Yet Saints he there eſpi'd.
In him the childrens lives were wrapt,
A place of ſureſt ſtay,
That them he might know where to finde,
Upon their happy day,
By vertue of the ſpirit of power,
In him all joyes doe finde;
And ſeeing this reſolved is,
For ever in his minde,

Upon him wholly for to ſpend
His life, and his delight,
And in thoſe pleaſures to rejoyce,
As armies of his might.
This is his life, herein he joyes,
Here is his hearts deſire.
Here doth he find beauties combin'd,
Moſt purely and entire.
This being ſo, now doth he thinke,
How he his name may raiſe,
And ſo together with his Sonne,
Get an eternall praiſe,
That him he might ſet forth to all,
He ſends him in diſguiſe,
And vailes his glory with our fleſh,
The world againe to riſe.
Herein is Wiſdomes chiefeſt part,
Declared and made knowne,
That ſo the counſels of the world,
Might quite be overthrowne.
Who would have thought the Sonne of God,
A mortall death muſt die,
And by his deadly death us bring,
To Immortality.
How many troupes of enemies flocke
Againſt him for to warre,
And in the combat him to foyle
by many a cruell ſcarre?
But in this battell who was ſlaine?
Was't he, or was't his foes,
If he, it was to riſe againe
To bring them freſher woes,

The

The prince of darkneſſe Captaine was
The chiefeſt in this fight,
Who from his nature hath his name,
His workes are blacke as night.
With him comes ſinne, comes death, comes loſſe,
Their force they doe unite,
That ſo their blowes and darts on him,
Together at once might light.
Now, now, or never ſaith this Prince,
I muſt me conqueſt bring,
Or elſe a captive I muſt be
Under this mighty King.
This fight was ſore to fleſhly view,
All might have thought the day,
It had beene loſt, and we been caught
In hels hands for a prey,
But when all fleſhly ſtrength did faile,
Then was the chiefeſt time,
For righteouſneſſe to ſhew it ſelfe,
Moſt glorious and ſublime.
The glory of the God-head great,
Upon this Chriſt our King,
Did reſt, and eke it ſelfe diſplay,
And there in triumph ſing,
There truth and mercy met at once,
Each ſtrove to get the day,
But being reconcil'd at length
To other each did ſay,
We'll joyne our ſweetneſſe and our might
And goe with glorious traine,
That ſo we may revive and bleſſe
Thoſe that were counted ſlaine.

How mighty did the Godhead flow,
about our Saviour ſweet,
And by it did preſent himſelfe,
a ſacrifice moſt meet.
For great Jehovah to delight
and pleaſe himſelfe withall.
When he beholds his ſouldiers ſtout,
led bondage into thrall.
Theſe ſouldiers are his Attributes,
each glorious for to ſee,
Well furniſh'd both with skill and ſtrength,
to make his enemies flee.
Where's death become with all his powers,
and principalities?
'Tis gone to hell, and hath it's doome
with darkneſſe and with lies.
The Prince of Hell is now adjudg'd
in chaines of wrath to lie,
And by theſe chaines perplexed ſore,
throughout Eternity.
Who was it girt himſelfe with zeale,
or who with fury came,
To tread the Wine-preſſe of Gods wrath,
and ſo to get a name.
What power was that which conquer'd ſinne,
whoſe Wiſedome made it's way,
Or can you tell where thoſe joyes are,
which hath skarr'd griefe away?
Hee's call'd, by name *Emanuell*,
and well he may ſo be.
In that he left his royall Throne,
to dwell with me and thee.

The world it was a place whereas
his glory he might ſhow,
And yet though glory did appeare,
few men of it did know.
The humane nature was a vaile,
which kept light from our eyes,
And yet that was the ordinance,
by which our bliſſe did riſe.
Here was the wonder of a God,
a thing ſo meane and low,
Should bring to paſſe ſuch mighty things,
and all his Counſell ſhow.
Here's wiſdome in a myſtery,
and power uncontrol'd,
The Fountaines deepe, and ſundry Springs
of life you may behold,
For by his death to God we are
reſtored backe again,
And now our enemies wear our bands,
and vext are with our paine.
What pangs, what woe's, what miſeries,
muſt they be ſure to have?
Now death is dead, and guilt is fled,
and griefe lies in his grave.
Where's darkneſſe now become that cloath'd
it ſelfe with blackneſſe hue,
Can it out-brave the light of life,
and it's bright beames eſchew?
If ſo, ſtand forth you helliſh powers,
where are your ſpels to charme?
Or ſhew ſome nurcery that is new,
to bring unlook't for harme.

What is your wit quite loſt at once,
can none take us away,
Out of the hands of him whom we
doe count our ſtrength and ſtay?
If by his death ſo great a loſſe,
his enemie doth endure.
His life muſt be a greater croſſe,
and they muſt beare it ſure,
His Saints are ſet at liberty,
as men from death ſet free.
Their joyes before them faſt doe ſtand,
and in theſe joyes they ſee
Their Saviour compaſt with the ſtrength
and height of fulleſt bliſſe.
The Father with his glory bright,
with many ſmiles him kiſſe.
And thus he ſaith, my ſonne, I lay
the charge upon thy hand.
The ſubſtance of the Godhead great,
is thine for to command.
I know no joy, no reſt, no peace,
but what I have in thee.
I am thy ſtrength, thou art my might,
by thee I looke to ſee
The glory of my beauties faire,
abroad the world to ſpeake,
And ſo to cauſe things high and ſtrong,
to be eſteemed weake.
All fleſh muſt fall before thy face,
though ſeemingly 'tis gay.
Yet when thy glory doth ariſe,
i'ts beauty fals away.

My treaſure all, its in thy breaſt,
the incombs of my praiſe
Returnes, according to the power
and wiſedome of thy wayes.
The honour that the Father hath,
'tis gained by the Sonne.
The Spirit worketh all in all,
and ſo their praiſe is one.
The childrens life is hid in him,
this life is all things ſweet,
Concentred in his breaſt, the which
makes him a Saviour meet.
There's light moſt full, there's truth moſt ſtrong,
and glory as a flame,
And holineſſe amongſt the reſt,
ſhewes forth his mighty name.
The Image of the Fathers face,
in him is ſeene moſt bright.
And whoſoever doth it ſee,
lives in the cleareſt light.
By it they come to underſtand
the Father and the Sonne.
All that they have, all that they are,
to be entirely one.
The life the which each other lives,
is in the ſelfe-ſame good.
The Father is all beauties rare,
the Sonne this underſtood.
He dwelleth in his boſome ſweet,
and knoweth well his minde.
Hee's call'd by name his Counſellor
and by him he doth finde,

How

How Wiſdomes glory may be ſeene,
in things that are obſcure;
And when he hath no footſteps ſeene,
then are his wayes full ſure.
This glorious myſtery is ſo high,
there is none can it finde,
If any of it knoweth ought,
'tis he ſaith I am blinde.
It's more then ſixteene hundred yeares,
when firſt it had a tongue.
And though ſo long it hath remain'd,
it ſtill is freſh and young.
The age hereof Eternity,
it doth make knowne, and wee
Shall then by light taſte and feele life,
when Conquerors we ſhall be.
Who ſhall declare the Fathers minde,
unleſſe it be the Sonne,
And when men come to know the ſame,
by it their hearts are wonne,
To dwell where grace and love doth meet,
and ſo to finde a reſt,
Even in his boſome where they know
they are ſecure and bleſt.
There are they fill'd with all delights
their Cup doth overflow,
Their comforts never die nor flie,
but flouriſh ſtill and grow.
Though they like to *Leviathan*,
could drinke up Rivers wide;
Yet doth theſe vaſt eternall deepes
in their full ſtrength abide.

There are they ever measuring out
these everlasting measures,
And by their labour they doe finde,
new Springs of living pleasures,
The world and all it's joyes are lost,
when they in him are found,
They see all Shadowes fly away,
their rest is true and sound.
Was ever any taken up,
into his bosome sweet,
And did not finde Loves glorious face,
with smiles him kisse and greet,
Nor ever lay there any space
but had their face with glory
Most richly deckt, and in their hearts
there written was a story
Of things most rich, most high, most pure,
mysterious, and unknowne,
The world it cannot understand,
because they love their owne.
The spirit doth transforme and mould
into the image bright,
Both of the Father and the Son
by both their pow'r and light.
All these which are by glorious beames
drawne up into the Son
Lives in the midst of lasting light,
where life doth purely run
More clear than any chrystall stream,
more strong than any tide,
The sweetnesse of this water pure,
invites men to abide,

Where they may drink and be refreſht,
and in themſelves may know,
This fountain runs their ſprings doth riſe,
and plentifully flow.
The truth of all is ſurely this,
that *Ieſus* now is ſet
And made a Prince of high degree,
to ſhew Gods glory great:
The Father truſts him with his ſtock,
and fulneſſe of his ſtore,
He hath the rule of all he hath,
he hath not any more.
This *Ieſus* is our brother dear,
he hath our portions ſure,
Hee's true, hee's wiſe, hee's ſtrong withall,
in him they are ſecure:
He like a nurſe doth cherish us
by drops as we can bear,
And when we come to greater ſtrength,
then greater is our ſhare:
From him we ſuck, in him we grow,
into his armes we flee,
There are we compaſt with all joyes,
and in theſe joyes we ſee
Our names, our natures, and our lifes
moſt clear, moſt pure, and bright:
The truth and glory of all we are,
even by the ſpirit of light:
This ſpirit ſearcheth deep into
things that very high,
The length and breadth of glorious ſtore
it hath before its eye.

That ſearcheth out the utmoſt drop
which in the Ocean dwels?
And by its mighty force and power
all noyſome things expels,
This ſpirit like a Dove moſt swift
from Paradice doth flie,
And from our Saviour brings us newes
of matters ſweet and high,
Whereby we come to underſtand
God will not live alone,
He dwels with Chriſt, and Chriſt in us,
and ſo we dwell in one,
O this is that which fils our hearts
with ſinging and with praiſe,
That what he is, that we ſhall be
to 'ternity of dayes.
Let each Saint think all that they have
it commeth from the Son,
Their glory and their flouriſhing ſtate
comes by his arme alone.
None can ſee God in *Ieſus Chriſt*
but muſt be fore'd to yeeld,
And lay all armes downe at his feet,
and ſay he hath the field.
Can any ſtand againſt that thing
which is moſt fair and gay,
And hath the power of lovelineſſe
to win the heart away?
From lies, from falſhoods, and from dreams,
from many deaths and ſhowers,
And from the hands of iron bands,
and from all dolefull houres.

Then do not fear you Saints moſt dear
if that you know the Son
You do the Fathers face, and love
both ſee and eke are won.
To dwell, to ſtay, to reſt, to ſing,
in him, and to his praiſe.
And eke to ſacrifice your ſelves
unto his fame alwayes.
When others ſpend their time in vain
and fill themſelves with fire,
The which is call'd the wrath of God
that hot conſuming ire.
They know not God nor yet his Son,
where all content doth lie,
And therefore are they bound in chaines
of woe and miſery.
You Saints weep ore the world that's loſt,
they know not where they go.
Though they be blinde you know right well
the ground of all their woe.
Oh do not let eternall flames
for ever men deſtroy.
Becauſe like fools a moments time
they will vain thoughts enjoy.
Shew them our Saviour where he ſits
that ſo they may ariſe,
And finde much wealth and reſt in him,
and ſo vain wayes deſpiſe.
But if the world will not you hear,
yet ſtill run you your race,
You ſhall at laſt both get a crown
and live in glorious grace.

Above the world, all cares, all fears
& which vext you with their wiles,
Your toyl's now done, your joyes begun,
you are where nought defiles.

A short song of Love.

LOve is the flame that Princes have
still kindling in their breast,
No man can live but he must love,
or else be void of rest.
The rise, the stocke, the root it hath
doth spring from something good;
All its desires are as flaming fires
when this is understood,
As rivers run over all the world,
their noise with fame doth ring,
And hasteneth ever to returne
where first they had their spring.
And when the Ocean drinks them in,
they quiet are again:
And in their kinde they live as if
they freed were from pain:
So love it runs with streams most strong
over hils and mountains all,
It will not fear what force is neere,
it overrunneth all.
And in the fountain of all blis,
it sets it selfe most sure,
Rejoycing in those mighty waves,
on which it rides secure:

'Tis lovelines that love will owne
to be a fellow meet
In it to reſt, that to imbrace
with ſmiles and kiſſes ſweet,
Loves labour, pain, and all it hath
is ever how to pleaſe
The object; and in doing this
To give it ſelfe moſt eaſe;
'Tis ever burning, never conſum'd,
and ſoaring very high;
By flames of glory it doth live
in full proſperity:
Stand forth all powers that can be thought,
ſee if you can it ſever
From truth, from beauty, and from ſtrength
where it will dwell for ever.
This love is kinde, and bountifull,
and freely will beſtow
All that it hath it ſelfe to boot,
that ſo it ſelfe may grow
More lovely, fair, and excellent
ſtill in the objects eye.
If that is pleaſed, it is at eaſe,
and feels no miſerie.
Who knowes how firſt it had its riſe?
Who gave to it its name?
If any did, it muſt be one
that knew its worth and fame.
It's God that ſaith his Name is Love,
and well may he ſo be:
Becauſe in him all glories are
met in an unity.

Light life and love is one in him,
they all grow up together.
Though knowne to us by ſeverall names,
they each accord with either.
He knowes all beauties in him are,
his life is this to ſee.
Then needs muſt love triumph and joy,
which makes this harmony.
Love walks in every piece of joy,
where ever it doth finde,
It will needs reſt in glories breaſt,
and there contents its minde.
Whht mortall man can have this love
to lie within his breaſt,
But muſt withall ſee lovelineſſe
in which he takes his reſt.
And whereſoever this appeares,
he growes up in deſire.
In this he thinke himſelfe moſt bleſt,
and followes it intire.
But man is blinde, how little he
of holineſſe doth know.
Truth's weakly planted in his heart,
and ſlowly it doth grow;
And hence it comes to paſſe that we
live in ſuch low deſires:
The earth like to a mountain thicke
doth hide theſe heavenly fires.
If you would have your heart a ſpring,
a fountain, and a well,
And have the mighty waves of love
above their banks to ſwell.

If

If you would ever searching be
into the truest treasure,
And finde where love had first a seat,
and face of sweetest pleasure,
If ever you would lovely be,
though in the Saints esteem.
And judge of all things true and right,
how ever men do deem,
Then must you know that all things good
doth from the fountain come,
And tides of love will flow amain
and make a spacious room
Within thy heart, and thou shalt see,
all that thine heart can wish.
Love live, sin die, life reigne, death flie,
what joy is like to this?
Make haste ye Saints, O do not stay,
where nought can you secure.
Fly to the armes of lovely love,
where joyes are clear and pure.

FINIS.